# The New Student

Vol. 7, No. 20 NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1928 *Price* 10 Cents

## What's Nicaragua to us?

THIS WEEK

*I Pursue My M.A.*
*Anonymous*

*Bull Session*
*By Frank Phelan*

INTERCOLLEGIATE WORLD

*Humanistic Education*
*Straw Ballots*

FEW college editors had occasion to observe the unconscious irony of the two streamers in the New York *World* at the opening of the Havana Congress, coincident with the despatch of troops to Nicaragua. The headlines read: "1,000 Marines Ordered to Nicaragua; U. S. Urges World Peace."

Many editors, however, were aware of the cross-workings of marine invasion of Latin-America, and the Pan-American Congress. Sentiment in the colleges is not so strong now as it was last year when American activities in Nicaragua resulted in numerous protest meetings, and demands that the soldiers be withdrawn. Protests —if so they may be termed—have been limited to occasional editorials on "dollar diplomacy." In general, students, if at all aware of what has been going on, have been sharing the feeling of the public—hope that some good may come of the Havana Congress (hope, however, based on no illusions about American magnanimity), and a total lack of interest, and perhaps sympathy, in continued patrolling of Nicaragua.

Only one college vote has been recorded on the subject of American intervention in Nicaragua. Students and faculty of the University of Oregon, incidental to voting on presidential candidates, decided against the government policy. The Harvard *Crimson* reports an interesting change of sentiment among the public, but particularly in the Harvard students. It says editorially:

"A month ago, the news reel of Marines embarking, if accompanied by martial music and a flash of the Stars and Stripes, was good for a creditable demonstration, hand clapping and whistling, trailing off into original and gratuitous noises. A similar picture at Boston's largest theatre this week was received with a cold and stony silence. Not so at Harvard's own University Theatre. Here the picture was greeted with hisses, hoots, and sneezes on the part of the enlightened members of the audience."

This, incidentally, was the first news record of Harvard's "unpatriotic" demonstration. Not very long ago imperialists and anti-imperialists alike would have capitalized the incident. College liberals would have sent clippings of the record to their congressmen, and to the president, whose attention lately has been divided between the Army-Navy football break, and the Pan-American session. The only student message the president has received (at least it was reported sent to him) came from the Mexican National League of Students. It reminded him of his pledge at Havana regarding sovereignty of small nations, and, pointing to events in Nicaragua, asked the president to act as he speaks.

The occasional college editor who has not been busy hoping for great things from Havana, and manufacturing guides, such as "To rule by force is but to invite a day of reckoning; to rule by concession is to increase one's prestige," has done the same. Actually, there is nothing new. Protests having once proved ineffectual, there is nothing to do save repeat the conviction that intervention is "wrong."

To this, there is a new turn. One editor, writing when marines were hurried to stem the Sandino successes, said:

"American citizens are interested in knowing that an ample supply of munitions and reinforcements is being sent to Col. Gulick's force.

"It is difficult to say how well the American position in Nicaragua can be justified, but if our troops are there they should be amply outfitted."

# THE · WINDMILL

(Copyrighted by the New York World.
Reprinted by Permission.)

By HEYWOOD BROUN

WE of the older generation missed much afforded by the modern college. Gene Tunney is to speak on Shakespeare before the class of William Lyon Phelps at Yale. Dr. William M. Marston of Columbia is conducting experiments to determine whether blondes or brunettes are more susceptible to excitement while watching love scenes on the screen.

At Harvard (Cambridge, Mass.) nothing of this sort occurred between the years 1906 and 1910. Work was our portion, and of entertainment provided by the faculty I remember nothing more exciting than the annual tea at Phillips Brooks House, which was the centre of religious activity. There may have been some investigation of the emotional reactions of blondes and brunettes, but this had no official sanction. Such activities were entirely extracurricular and were carried on by the individual student at his own discretion.

---

The heavyweight champion in our day was Jack Johnson, and I am certain no professor asked him to speak on anything at all. Such Latin, Greek and English as we received was all imparted by stern men with beards in the regular line of duty. Instructors were chosen simply for their knowledge of some appointed subject. There was not so much as a piccolo player among the professors, and the men we heard in classrooms practically never made the first page of the papers.

Not in malice, but with envy I speak of the new dispensation. I doubt if there was in all the faculty at Harvard a single person capable of testing the emotional fluctuations of Miss Patsy O'Day and Rose Gallagher as Dr. Marston has done. Under the old and prissy system education languished. It was inevitable that football should gain overemphasis back in the days when the romantic possibilities of laboratory and classroom were so gravely neglected. We and the world knew the names of both the tackles, but it was harder to remember whom the department of anthropology had to offer and the mathematicians remained obscure and stymied by their logarithms.

Back at the beginning of the century Presidents and professors failed to appreciate the value of a ballyhoo.

---

But when any isolated faction has need of a Moses he will be found. Grudgingly I must admit that he was at last discovered in the blue bullrushes of New Haven. Nor is the word "discovered" wholly fair. William Lyon Phelps had no need of help from any Pharaoh's daughter. Seizing a stout rush in either hand he chinned himself till his head showed above the grasses and then he shouted with a voice which carried well beyond the college walls, "Call me Billy!"

No, there is no possibility of denying that Billy Phelps of Yale is the leading first-page professor in all the country. Hogan, "Lefty" Flynn and Caldwell—these are all little names when stacked against Yale's highpowered salesman. His line is literature and his territory embraces the broad acres from here to the Pacific. Pick up any best seller and you will find upon the jacket some word of approbation from Prof. Phelps. "Magnificent," "significant," enthralling." Indeed it isn't a genuine best seller unless the name of Phelps is blown upon the cover. Even the hardboiled theatrical managers have come to know that Billy Phelps has a Broadway following. "Success—Herald," and "I wept—Alan Dale" are no longer to be found in theatrical advertising. Instead you will see just below the title, star and author, "Finest achievement of the century—William Lyon Phelps."

---

Wiser than the rest, Billy Phelps never defied the lightning of athletics but worked instead to steal its thunder. Some years ago the editor of the Bookman took me with him to lecture at the Elizabethan Club in New Haven. He promised nothing, but when we reached the train he told me in an awed whisper that Mal Aldrich, Captain of the eleven, would be there in person. Billy Phelps had promised to produce him. Of course, luck must not be entirely overlooked in any survey of the rise of Phelps. He did sell literature to the athletes and take the curse off books for backfield men aand tackles. Still, he was smart enough to bide his time and make no move until there came a season when every member of the Yale squad could read and write or, at the very least, make a most creditable starfish.

---

But Shakespeare owes the biggest debt of all the authors beholden to Billy. Not so many years ago the Bard was wholly out of things at New Haven. He had his place in the classroom, and grinds and other loathsome people might do him private homage. But certainly one didn't talk about Shakespeare. Not before nice girls at any rate. But now there is a feeling that if Shakespeare had lived in this country he would most certainly have been a Yale man. There isn't an undergraduate who wouldn't be glad to take him out to dinner or even invite him to meet his mother and his sisters. Indeed, if the eloquence of William Lyon Phelps could raise the dead and bring Shakespeare underneath the elms at precisely the right moment there isn't a doubt in the world that he would be tapped for Bones.

---

Concerning Dr. Marston's researches I have less enthusiasm. As far as I can gather by reading the newspaper accounts he did not truly test the emotional sensitivity of Patsy or of Rose. The experiment consisted of running off several hundred feet of a kiss between John Gilbert and Greta Garbo. And in the course of the episode the Columbia psychologist took the blood pressure, pulse and respiration of his patients. But it seems to me that this merely tests the reaction of the subjects to the motion picture and not to life itself.

"Brunettes Still Lead in Love Test" said The World, which seems to me not proven. Miss O'Day was hailed by the press as the winner because her systolic pressure was higher than that of Miss Gallagher at a point where Mr. Gilbert kissed Miss Garbo wildly. But this could prove almost anything. Wide is the appeal of John Gilbert, but it may be less than universal. Possibly he is not the type as far as Miss Gallagher goes. Moreover, she may have had some idiosyncrasy which kept her from making the traditional transference and putting herself in the place of Greta Garbo. Maybe she had seen that particular picture before and knew how it would come out.

But basically my quarrel is with the fundamental premise of the experiment. Dr. Marston seems to believe that reactions to reflected life are approximately those which occur in contacts with actuality. This I deny. Look about a theatre during an emotional scene and those who weep will not by any necessity be the kindest folk in the house. Often the most inhibited and repressed will shed the most tears for things which they know are fictional. Because I am brave in the presence of motion picture lions this is no proof that here is another Daniel come to judgment.

(Continued on page 8)

---

The author of "I Pursue My M.A." contributed an article on reforming the curriculum to THE NEW STUDENT last spring. He is a graduate of a small western college. Frank Phelan was expelled from Clark university for his writing.

---

Editor, Norman Studer. Business Manager, Beatrice Cohen. Associate Editor, Sol Abramson. Contributing Editors, George D. Pratt, Jr., Douglas P. Haskell, Walter Sassaman, Sol Auerbach (University of Pennsylvania), Kenneth W. Porter (University of Minnesota), Paul Porter (University of Kansas). Published by THE NEW STUDENT, 2929 Broadway, New York, weekly during the college year. Subscription for one year, $1.50; foreign countries, $2. Single copies, 10c. Entered as second-class matter April 20, 1922, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Reprinting permitted if credit is given to THE NEW STUDENT.

# I Pursue my M. A.

ANONYMOUS

LAST spring, when I was about to don the Baccalaureate cerements, I let loose to the world in these columns a few rather pointed, and perhaps exaggerated, remarks. I was crying out against the dogmatism and the intellectual petrifaction of the college world. I blamed mostly for the existence of these evils the faculty and policy of my college, as representative of colleges all over America.

I remember I made the rather witty remark that, after I had gotten away from the Halls of Learning, I was going to start thinking. My lament was that I had been refused the right to think while in college.

My cry was no newly heard one—at least to readers of the *New Student;* I refer to it here only to show that I am like the rest of the collegiate product. What I am going on to tell is how things have turned out for me since I made that cry.

Last spring I welcomed the summer vacation because it would give me a chance to think, to revel in the indulgence of a thing so long denied me. Whether or not I did think must be left to the imagination—one does not immediately break habits of twelve years' standing; and I was further prevented from throwing very many intellectual orgies by enrollment in summer school.

But last summer is gone and it is the present that is worrying me now. I looked forward to this graduate school as a sort of heaven. I was tired of having other persons push my thinking buttons; here, I believed, I should get a chance to push them for myself. I was going to make up for all the twelve years behind me. I was going to "see things clearly, and see them whole." I was going to defy routine; I would think about the things I pleased when I pleased, and what I pleased. And if I didn't startle the world, I at least had high hopes of startling myself.

Well, what came of it? I enrolled in the University for work toward a Master of Arts degree; and innocently pronounced my intention to get it this coming spring. And then—I found I had to enroll in classes just the same as I always had. Papers and quizzes, as of old, were assigned for definite times on definite subjects. And in lectures, though the professors were refreshingly humble on disputed points, they were just as dogmatic on others as my professors had been in the past.

My thesis, I had decided before coming, should be written when and on what I pleased. I found now that I could write only on an approved subject and would have to dig at it constantly in order to finish in April. And—worst—I was told in an indirect way that of necessity my thesis would be of no intrinsic worth. It would serve only as a grindstone to sharpen my wits on, and when accepted would be placed in the far corner of the library on some shelves no other use could be found for. My thesis immediately took on all the romance, all the curiosity-raising qualities, and all the thrill, of the grindstone it was. I began to neglect it for things I would rather spend my time on, and now with the year half gone it is hardly started. My principal regret is that I feel somewhat ashamed for my neglect, when I ought to be glad I have shown some sign of intelligence.

I have said that the professors are refreshingly humble on disputed points, but dogmatic on others. They are; scholarship, it seems, makes them realize they don't know everything, but at the same time it settles forever the things they have decided on. They won't believe two times two is four till they have studied a while, but when they finally decide it is, the devil himself, quoting scripture to his own use, can't change their minds.

So here I am. I may get my M.A. in the spring, but the chances and the professors are against it. I am in the midst of interesting things and can't take time to relish them for fear of losing what I am told are essentials—the accusative case ending of Anglo-Saxon *stan,* the rime scheme of Chaucer's ballades, and the date Poe changed "I heard again" to "again I heard" in the second line, the sixth stanza, of *The Raven.*

And this is only my *master's* work! What the more advanced work is like I only guess, and tremble in guessing.

If I continue my education will I too become a collector of inessentials and a dealer in soporifics? Is research and higher education a disease? At the present time a Ph.D. looks to me as far away as heaven, and a good deal like hell.

---

# Bull Session

By FRANK PHELAN

(*The Clark Monthly*)

"SAY," says Jojo, "I alwus thought two parallel lines never meet—least that's what wuz taught in high school. But they say they do meet, now. Some guy whoz name is Eisenberg or Weinstein says so. I doan know, yuh know, but that's what I hear, yuh see. What's it all about?"

"Who knows?" says Jimjim.

"Say," says Jojo, "the bug prof says psychology is all wet because it doan believe in somethin' super. Yuh know the racket—God, spirit or somethin' super like that. What's it all about?"

"Who knows?" says Jimjim.

"And the bug prof says science is all so sad because it doan get us anywheres," says Jojo. "Yuh know, digging, digging facts and for what, yuh know. And I'm taking a lot of lab courses. So what's it all about?"

"Who knows?" says Jimjim.

"Say," says Jojo, "that guy in Animal Behavior says there ain't no consciousness. What kin yuh do, you know? That's pretty sad, yuh know. And the guy in Experimental Psych says there is. What's it all about?"

"Who knows?" says Jimjim.

"Say," says Jojo, "I read somethin' by a guy whuz name is Bell, or maybe it wuz H. G. Wells, in the *Atlantic Mercury* or somethin' like that, who said what college men need is more religion. Geez, I got a bellyful when I wuz a kid. The physics prof says what we need is more facts, yuh know, facts about things, yuh know, gravity and force and things. Yuh know what I mean. What's it all about?"

"Who knows?" says Jimjim.

"Dis bug prof says a fact is no damn good unless it means somethin'," says Jojo. "What the hell does a hilum mean, yuh know? What's it all about?"

"Who knows?" says Jimjim.

"Say," says Jojo, "I doan get poetry at all. Take dis guy Wordsworth, yuh know. Oh! He's all so vague, yuh know. Everything's so filmy and it doan mean what you think it does becuz the poet is deep. So he writes, yuh know, and everythin's so filmy and it's so deep, yuh know. Why can't the guy write plain so's I kin see what he's talking about? Take dis guy Emerson. He's wonderful! So awful high up, yuh know. What's it all about?"

"Who knows?" says Jimjim.

"What the hell is your philosophy of life?" says Jojo. "I doan think I got one and they all say yuh can't get along without one."

"So you should be botherin', yuh know," says Jimjim. "It's all so very vague. Who knows?"

"You know," says Jojo. "I like women, but they're so funny! It's sad, you know. What is love?"

"Love?" says Jimjim. "It's all galloping gonads. So what are you bothering about?"

"Yeh," yehs Jojo. "Women are just—well, just chemical. And passion—yuh know what I mean—it's just adrenalin."

"That's the racket," says Jimjim.

"But," buts Jojo. "I can't help liking a little loving. But love's just gonads and passion's jus adrenalin. Thasright."

"Love is all galloping gonads," says Jimjim. "And passion is all the old adrenalin ramming through the blood."

"Thasright," says Jojo. "Love's just gonads."

"So what are you bothering?" says Jimjim.


*Just Published at*

**95 Cents a Copy**

Five Important Additions to

THE MODERN LIBRARY

*OF THE WORLD'S BEST BOOKS*

*SELECTED PAPERS OF BERTRAND RUSSELL*

Volume No. 137 — 95c

Chosen personally by Mr. Russell, and with a new preface by him. An ideal introduction to one of the greatest minds of the time.

*THE ROMANCE OF LEONARDO DA VINCI*

Volume No. 138 — 95c

*By* **MEREJKOWSKI.** This is a new and unexpurgated translation by Bernard Guilbert Guerney. Previous editions have sold from three to ten dollars a copy.

*EREWHON*

Volume No. 136 — 95c

*By* **SAMUEL BUTLER.** The shrewdest and most biting satire on modern life that Butler wrote. Lewis Mumford's introduction appears solely in the Modern Library edition.

*JUDE THE OBSCURE*

Volume No. 135 — 95c

*By* **THOMAS HARDY.** The most typical of the "Wessex Novels" and the first edition ever published at a popular price.

*THE IMPERIAL ORGY*

Volume No. 139 — 95c

*By* **EDGAR SALTUS.** The story of the Russian Tsars. With an introduction by Ben Ray Redman.

*"TEN BEST SELLERS"* in the MODERN LIBRARY

Butler's Way of All Flesh.....(No. 13)
Wilde's Dorian Gray...(No. 1)
France's the Red Lily..(No. 7)
Hardy's Return of the Native.....(No. 121)
Lewisohn's Upstream..(No. 123)
Beerbohm's Zuleika Dobson.....(No. 116)
Douglas' South Wind...(No. 5)
Gautier's Mlle. de Maupin.....(No. 53)
Anderson's Winesburg, Ohio.....(No. 104)
Melville's Moby Dick (No. 119)

COMPLETE, UNABRIDGED EDITIONS
LARGE TYPE · GOOD PAPER · LIMP BINDING · POCKET SIZE · 140 TITLES

95 cents a copy at every bookstore in America. (One dollar in Canada.) Send for free illustrated catalogue describing all 140 titles.
MODERN LIBRARY, INC. · 20 East 57th Street, New York

*Use this Coupon Today* →

*To* Your Bookseller, *or*
The Modern Library, Incorporated,
20 East 57th Street, New York City. NS

Please mail me Modern Library books Nos.....

☐ I enclose $1.00 for each volume (95c for the book, 5c for postage).
☐ Send books C. O. D.
☐ Please send me, free of charge, your new illustrated catalogue, describing all of the books in the Modern Library.

*Name*.....
*Address*.....
*City*.....*State*.....

# OUR · OWN · OPINION

## Reproving Mother

*For Alma Mater must not be criticized. It is a holy mother. (Would you criticize your own mother?)*—CLARK MONTHLY.

WE CAN WELL imagine that *The Clark Monthly* would trouble the sleep of college executives. The three issues that have been published so far this term have just come to our desk and we are sure that if we were a college president and had anything to hide from our students we would fear this probing and impertinent little magazine.

It was no surprise to us to hear that the latest issue of the *Monthly* had been found obscene in one respect by the president of the university. Such undergraduate magazines are often found obscene.

We have, in fact, come to believe that there is something lewd, lascivious and obscene in the very expression of fresh and unorthodox opinions on a campus.

For one thing the *Monthly* called on Clark University to revive the defunct liberal club "if her B. A. is to mean anything." "Those colleges in fact are no colleges at all where liberal organizations are taboo. And those places turn bigots. Where there is no free commerce of ideas there is evasion of vital issues—intellectual stagnation." Pretty strong medicine, this for Clark University. For it was at Clark that the president disbanded, in 1922, a gathering of students, faculty and townsfolk assembled to hear Mr. Scott Nearing under the auspices of the Liberal Club. If we were president of Clark University and—God forbid—guilty of such behavior we would not thank the *Monthly* for even such a gentle reminder of our misdeed. *The Clark Monthly* must have made President Wallace T. Atwood squirm.

The *Monthly* writers seem concerned with the kind of education they are getting. One of them writes an eloquent appeal for a chair of philosophy. Another points out that it is better to have lost a million in endowments than to have been loved by a well intentioned but narrow-visioned philanthropist. . . . "Thus far everyone has seemed to have had a crack at the magic wand. And lo. Buildings have multiplied and stadiums have sprouted out like so many useless mushrooms. But the wand is an elusive one to us . . . a scholarly atmosphere or a vigorous attitude has no appeal to the rich man. The intelligent man has no money to give but the rich man has plenty."

There are other writers so impudent as to suggest that "the educational system at Clark has ceased to be a system and has become a chaos instead." Furthermore, "all bull sessions in the dormitory, dining hall, fraternities and streets are devoted entirely to criticism of the college, and little else seems to be of interest. It is almost traditional."

A ghost of better days seems, according to these complaints, to have lingered on the campus. For there was a time when Clark was a truly great institution of learning—when G. Stanley Hall was president and the foremost students of psychology were teaching Clark undergraduates. The ideal then was not buildings but men, and no one who wanted to learn had reason for much complaint.

The present head of Clark seems to have departed a long way from the standard set by Hall. How can Clark be great if the most fundamental necessity for scholarship is denied? In the Scott Nearing incident the present incumbent early in his career showed that the deterioration of Clark had begun. We are surprised at this late hour to find a lingering and defiant spirit of independence and intellectual hunger in the student body. It is a witness to the virility of the Hall tradition. And it comes as no surprise at all, as we said, to hear that the magazine has been suppressed and the author of an alleged obscene article dismissed from the university.

We shall pursue the facts of this case, inviting both students and president to give our readers their version of the affair, just as we did in the Nearing case. President Atwood owes an explanation to higher education. The Clark College Monthlies are too few and too precious in our college world to give up without a struggle.

## Ballyhoo; the Voice of the College

WE now have a college president who writes a daily column of newspaper philosophy in the manner of Dr. Frank Crane, a professor of English who invites a prize fighter to address his Shakespeare class, and a psychology professor who performs experiments on chorus girls. So, gradually, esoteric learning is being translated into tabloid terms and college people are beginning to experience the undeniable thrills that attend prolonged drinks at the rather muddied springs of modern publicity. Where the thing will end we do not profess to know. The staid and dignified old college professor is disappearing fast. We may expect almost anything from the bustling young Rotarians—professors with both feet on the ground—who are supplanting them. We venture the prediction, however, that in five years, the professor who hobnobs with prize fighters and the psychologist who tests the temperature of hot mamas will be back numbers. It is interesting to speculate on what the new type of college president will do with such publicity-reaping events as the mysterious disappearance recently of a Smith girl. A wideawake president in such a case would long ago have booked himself and fifty of his fairest girls for an extended vaudeville tour through every important city of the country.

## Latin American Students Look At Us

IN contrast with the meager interest American students show in conflicts between Yankee and Latin-American, the Latin-American students are intensely concerned with the national stakes on this continent. The conflicting interests of Latin-American nations forbid as yet a political *rapprochement* but on the intellectual level there is much unanimity. That solidarity is inspired by a fear of the United States, fear of her economic encroachment, of her spiritual hegemony.

In *South America Looks at the United States** Professor C. H. Haring of Harvard recounts the many student manifestations against the "Yankee Colossus." When in 1925 President Solorzano called in the American marines to stabilize his country, an association of students of law and the social sciences in the University of Buenos Aires protested energetically and sent their "vote of adhesion" to Nicaragua's youth. There was also a summons of Latin-American youth to combat intervention wherever practiced. A short time afterward when some Panamanian students were imprisoned for taking part in a riot of striking rent payers at Panama and American soldiers were summoned from the Canal Zone to put down the disorders, the jailed students appealed to the Latin-American Union at Buenos Aires for aid against the United States. These students are always ready with a manifesto when some crisis arises between a Latin-American state and the Yankee Colossus.

Under the inspiration of Jose Vasconcelos, a recent contributor to *The New Student*, a Spanish-American Union of Youth was formed during the past decade, Dr. Haring goes on to say. The Union has centers in all Central American republics as well as Colombia, Ecuador and Peru. "The purpose of the movement is to create a vast Hispanic University Confeder-

(Continued on page 8)

* South American Looks at the United States, by Clarence H. Haring. Macmillan. $2.50.

# INTERCOLLEGIATE · WORLD

### *Reassuring*

ALTHOUGH the success of the Harvard reading period cannot be determined until after the mid-year grades have been returned, the proponents of the new plan have been favorably impressed by its conduct so far. Dean A. C. Hanford, writing in the *Crimson*, points to two "very significant and reassuring facts." These he names and discusses:

"In the first place there is no question that the Reading Period was taken seriously by all who were affected thereby and that the students worked hard and conscientiously. Secondly, the first Reading Period has indicated that the upperclassmen in Harvard College can be trusted with a large amount of freedom without danger of abuse when a policy is explained frankly, the responsibility placed squarely, and the goal made worth the effort. . . .

"Not only was the Library filled as it had never been before, but the records show that in the General Reading Room alone there were almost as many books loaned for overnight use during the first three weeks of January this year as during the entire month of January, 1927; while the use of reserved books in the Reading Room itself was 50 per cent greater than last year. The Harvard Cooperative Society also reports that its book sales for January were the largest in the history of the store, especially the sale of tutorial books and books for supplementary reading."

### *Students on Religion*

OHIO ministers in convention at Ohio State University were somewhat disconcerted when university students, whom they had invited to present undergraduate views on religious leadership, became truly critical. Ministers, the students said, pose as final authorities and never admit they do not know; fail to discuss frankly, sincerely, willingly and intelligently the most vital problems of life, and talk at, rather than with, their followers. At first the ministers rose in protest and wanted to give battle. After a lively meeting the clerics agreed to wait until all the student criticisms were in before making their defense.

"ATHEISM among college students is of no important consequence," Dr. Samuel Parkes Cadman, minister of the Central Congregational Church, of New York, told a reporter for the *Harvard Crimson*. "As these students grow older they will come to realize that there is a God," he continued. "Students as well as other people often confuse the term God. It takes in a broad sweep of meanings. People who call themselves atheists really are not atheists at all. Any one who has any ideals at all, which are worth while, could not be an atheist."

Asked if he thought college chapel exercises should be made compulsory, Dr. Cadman replied:

"They are no longer necessary in colleges. Many institutions still insist upon students attending chapel, but a great many have abolished the idea, and in a university like Harvard, it is, indeed justifiable. The mere fact, however, that there is no required chapel attendance does not man that one must turn his back upon it. President Angell, of Yale, told me recently that voluntary attendance had proved more satisfactory at Yale than the old system."

### *Straw Ballots*

HERBERT HOOVER swept another collegiate straw election, this time at the University of Oregon, where the electorate voted on several current topics, including the presidency.

Hoover received 429 votes, while Al Smith, who led the opposition, carried 139. Charles E. Hughes was Republican runner-up, and William G. McAdoo, the Democratic. The faculty vote followed the same order.

Students and teachers also showed themselves skeptical of the success of the Eighteenth amendment, and favored modification. The vote was close on the League of Nations, with as many voting for formal membership, as for continuation of informal participation, as at present. However, 137 favored complete detachment. By a vote of 659 to 422, American intervention in Nicaragua was opposed.

STUDENTS at Washington and Jefferson College, where mock conventions have been held before each nomination since 1880, are prepared again this year to follow the ancient custom. Last time the convention was democratic. Its complexion for this year has not yet been determined. Parades and celebrations accompany the business of the gathering, and the affair is made something of a college carnival. In 1924 the convention stampeded to Al Smith.

THE *Daily Californian* reports a movement for an intercollegiate civic association that will try to make government and its problems of interest to college students. Regional mock political conventions, and articles in the college press dealing with current affairs, have been suggested as stimuli.

### *Productive Scholarship*

TWO months after the publication of his second novel, *The Bridge of San Luis Rey*, Thornton Wilder's book has become a collector's item, and is being held at a premium. The idea for the novel, Wilder told a reporter for the *Daily Princetonian*, "came to me while I was studying for an M.A. in French at the Princeton Graduate School. It was in a course conducted by that admirable man Professor Louis Cons that I received the suggestion for the first sketch in the book."

Although Wilder believes the literary trend toward emotionalism is "admirable," he thinks "there is one fad that people are affecting which seems to me to be harmful—collecting first editions. This is hardly a way to express one's admiration for books, but rather a minor indication of an age that is losing the essential approach to them. It reminds me of the type of interest they had in old Alexandria, the city that was a library, where books ceased to be a vehicle of conviction, a comment on experience, or the expression of an attitude toward living."

Oberlin College is recalling with pride that Wilder, who for two years studied there, contributed to the literary magazine some well-finished work.

### *Suppression*

ON the eve of his departure from the University of Cincinnati, President Frederick C. Hicks issued a dictum putting an end to the university comic magazine, *The Cynic*. The editorial board has been making an uproar because the action came without warning, but student sentiment is divided. Many undergraduates agreed with the president that objectionable material was appearing in the magazine. However, the staff insists that the president ignored its request, made several months ago, that a censor be appointed for the publication. The *University News*, student paper, questions the wisdom of the president's summary action, especially just before his departure. It concludes that he wished to make plain to the community that he was out of sympathy with the character of the comic.

### *Hurrying Along*

EARLIER matriculation in college is recommended by President A. Lawrence Lowell, of Harvard, in his annual report. High schools and academies, he says, should prepare their students for college sooner and better. President Lowell offers this in answer to the college men's complaint that they get a late start in earning.

If this hurrying process is carried into effect, the graduate schools will have to revise their methods to give more mature work for the developed scholar, the Harvard president believes.

"Chief among the obstacles to improvement in graduate schools," he said, "is the degree of master of arts, which has a wider commercial value than any other. That we must confer the master's degree on men who intend to teach in public is required by the universal demand for it."

A different type of instruction in a separate school for candidates for the Ph.D. is recommended as of benefit to "those who are looking to a career of productive scholarship."

## *Famous Son*

GEORGE BELLOWS will be represented in the 1928 *Makio*, year book at Ohio State University, for which he did most of the art work in his undergraduate days, by a sketch of a fraternity initiation, entitled "The Greeks." It pictures a blind-folded initiate with bowed head, and hands tied behind, standing before a robed brother. The original of the sketch has been hanging in the Beta Theta Pi house since the years of Bellows residence there. The university remembers its graduate, who was of the class of 1905, as prolific art contributor to the year-book, and capable short-stop on the baseball team.

## *Strict Construction*

THE federal district court at San Francisco is faced with the problem of deciding whether a Chinese student shall be permitted to remain in this country, and continue his study, or be deported to China—and almost certain execution. Tisang Hai Tsing enrolled in Stanford University, where he once engaged President Wilbur in a dispute on the despatch of American troops to China. While absent from the University, Tsing was ordered deported on the grounds that by his absence he had forfeited his status as a student. In addition he was accused of disseminating radical literature. Several prominent San Franciscans are engaged in defending the student, because his affiliation with the Nationalist movement probably would result in his execution as soon as he returned to China.

## *Get Your Man*

NORTHWESTERN men students and alumni have enthusiastically climbed onto the band-wagon and are campaigning vociferously for more men students. President Walter Dill Scott also climbed on, stopping only long enough to say that before the freshman round-up is attempted, quality be given some consideration. President Scott, as well as the alumni and students, is in favor of stemming the feminine invasion, and equalizing the student population according to sex. It will be necessary to get many more entering men, and Northwestern men are ready to do it.

## *Philanthropic*

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA has received a gift of $1,500,000 for establishment of a foundation to foster the state's agricultural development, from A. P. Giannini, founder of the Bank of Italy. The donor, once a farmer-immigrant, gave to the University his five per cent of the earnings of the Bancitaly coporation, which he refused to accept. Giannini said that he has no desire to become a millionaire, and decided to devote his money to the state's greatest asset, its agriculture.

## *Practical Economics*

AN industrial dispute between union workers and neckwear factories, similar to that which stirred Yale students to action in New Haven, is going on in Poughkeepsie, according to the *Vassar Miscellany News*. The circumstances are the same as in New Haven. Two runaway factories are carrying on their work in defiance of union demands, and are maintaining low wages and home work.

An injunction has been gotten out against union pickets, and the case is now in the courts. Whether the Vassar women will follow the lead of the New Haven students, and attempt to interest the community in the industrial situation, is yet to be seen.

## *Campus Tweedledums*

SOME aspects of campus political life are not very different from the professional variety, the editor of the *University of Washington Daily* probably decided after reading the statements of candidates for student offices. After granting all aspirants space for publishing platforms, the editor decided that:

"So far as their statements go, it's the old, old story of Tweedledum against Tweedledee in a campus election that has ceased to be an election and, from all indications that the present statements give, has even sunk below the level of a popularity contest.

"If all that the campus has to decide at the election tomorrow is set forth in the statements presented today, *The Daily* suggests that the student body could better spend their holiday playing a ripping, no-keeps game of Tiddle-winks, and that the several candidates might well spend the day at tit-tat-toe and Peter Rabbit rhymes."

## *For More Sincerity*

HARVARD UNIVERSITY debaters hereafter will be selected after round table discussions rather than by the old tryout speech methods. The change was prompted by a criticism in *The New York Times*, charging the Cambridge speakers with insincerity. The round-table plan is expected to give the candidates sufficient opportunity to examine the issues, so that they will be able to form their own conclusions and select the side to which their own opinions adhere.

The Cambridge men have scheduled debates for the Spring, with teams from the Universities of the Philippines, and Porto Rico. This is the first time Harvard has sought opposition from outside the United States, save for its contests with visiting English teams.

Wabash College is offering civic clubs and high schools services of its speakers' bureau, recently instituted to give the student orators practical experience. Orations on many topics are to be had for the asking.

## *Humanistic Education*

A RETURN to humanistic education, as it developed from its formation in Athens in the fifth century, until the latter part of the nineteenth century, when "the elective system struck it, and struck it hard," was advocated by Professor Edward K. Rand, of Harvard University, in his Lowell Institute lecture on "The Founders of the Middle Ages."

The theory of the ancients, developed into fixed shape in the fourth century, A.D., became one of the most important means for the transmission of classical culture to the Middle Ages, he said. It was the basis of humanistic culture from the Renaissance until the late nineteenth century.

Professor Rand displayed a Harvard catalogue for 1830-1831—"unbound, but even when bound it is portable"—and noted the humanistic program then proscribed, "reaching to the upper heights of thought, and concentrated on the present."

"It were ridiculous," he said, "to suppose that all of these subjects were pursued as thoroughly as they are in colleges today. It were also ridiculous to suppose that we could probably re-introduce such a program in all its parts. Yet I venture to think that lads of 1830 had their minds touched at more points, and with more points, than our undergraduates today."

Discussing the growth of the elective system, and pointing the need for definition of education along humanistic lines, Professor Rand said:

"The elective system in college education seemed inevitable, particularly after President Eliot's prophetic address in 1884. But the democratic principle of admitting all subjects as of equal educational value, this universal extension of the citizenship in the domain of intellectual inquiry, resulted for the lazy in the search for what was not hard and for the industrious in the search for what they could do best.

"The danger is not so great to the

former class, the poor in spirit whom we always have with us; they will always enjoy their wits, which are often considerable, in performing the minimum of their teacher's expectations. The danger is to the serious students, who no less than their leisurely brethren pursue the path of least resistance; for them the lure is proficiency in some special subject for their future career in life. It is not reprehensible early to lay plans for a career—quite the contrary. Specialization is not an evil, but a necessity for one who would advance in his profession and benefit mankind.

"But not to question the usefulness, or rather the indispensability, of vocational schools and schools for graduate research, the four years of college life should be consecrated to the attainment of a liberal or aristocratic education. Yes, I have ventured to say it, aristocratic, for it is a synonym for liberal, in the original meaning of the latter term. Aristocratic it is, for it aims at the best; it ennobles, it puts the stamp of a civilized gentleman on those who possess it, or, in case we do not all turn out Lord Chesterfields, it at least makes our uncouth spirits finer than they would have been. It is a vocational program for one whose vocation is the art of life. It is a utilitarian program, for it is of inestimable utility, whatever one's trade. Without it we are nothing but tradesmen, whether our trade is cobbling, chemistry, Latin or Greek.

"In many of our colleges the elective system is modified by the requirement of some major subject or field of concentration combined with a more or less systematic provision for excursions in outlying fields. This is a great reform, but it is a halfway house. It is a modified specialization and may be pursued in a spirit that misses the idea of a liberal education. The times are ripe, as President Lowell pointed out in a recent address, for many experiments in education, among which training in the liberal arts deserves a place.

"There is a fine field for some adventurous and humanistic soul, at once reactionary and progressive, who would construct, despite the astounding wealth of new matter presented by the natural sciences and the social sciences, a clean-cut system, not coinciding with the program of 1830 but based on the same principles, with philosophy, perhaps in the form of science, perhaps in some other form, restored to her throne."

THE NEW STUDENT
2929 Broadway, New York

Please { renew / enter } my subscription for

..... 1 year—6 months —4 months

Name .....
(Please print)

Address .....

Enclosed is $ .....

**Subscription $1.50 a year; $1.00—6 mos.; 75 cents—4 mos.; $2.00 in Canada and foreign countries.**

## *For Optional Military*

AN opponent of compulsory military training has been discovered by the *Daily Princetonian* in Captain L. Wardlaw Miles, former professor of English at Princeton, whose bravery during the war won for him the Congressional Medal.

"I am against compulsory military training in the colleges," said Captain Miles, "because I am not convinced that compulsory training is desirable for America in general, and because I am sure it would be a bad thing for the colleges in particular. Colleges ought to be places where young men go to satisfy intellectual curiosity. The less compulsion—except the compulsion to make intellectual slackers get out—the better.

"On the other hand I am for optional military training in colleges because I am glad to believe there are a certain number of college men who want voluntarily to prepare themselves for war should it come . . ."

## *Words, Words*

BEFORE leaving office, one college editor has taken heart and confessed to his readers that some of the suffering occasioned by editorials has been felt by the writer, as well as the reader. The retiring editor of the *Butler Collegian* writes in farewell:

"How many times in the past eighteen weeks have we written words, words and then some more words on nothing at all. This column had to be filled, and it had to be filled with editorials. The editor says there must be no news stories in the editorial column. There have been none. But —some of the blah articles which we have written would have been far better off in the waste-basket."

(Continued from page 5)

ation which will unite the youth of all the Hispanic countries in a common effort for social and political regeneration." "That the organization is representative of the university student body in Mexico, is open to question," Dr. Haring believes. "But one wonders, given the political relations past and present between Mexico and the United States, what its political objectives may be."

Much of this anti-Yankee student sentiment is without doubt due to a distorted notion of the Yankee, who is always symbolized as a greedy and egotistical money grabber—just as our movie versions of the Latin-American is invariably that of a dark-skinned villain. This mutually distorted attitude will tend to disappear, we hope, with the increased exchange of students between universities of the two continents. The Latin American will learn that we are not all exploiters and the students of the United States will awaken to the fact that we are being always discussed and very often hated by these little-known people south of the Rio Grande.

(Continued from page 2)

I mean no disrespect to little Miss O'Day, the winner, when I suggest that her intense excitement at the sight of a John Gilbert kiss may indicate nothing more than an absence of sophistication. Others who were blondes seemed less affected. Blondes get about more. They have no need of release through the emotion elicited by the silver sheet. They live their pictures.

## Astronomy

I SEE the stars and map the golden moon,
And long for half-past nine to strike quite soon,
Observing on the roof, in wind so keen
That never any colder have I been,
Despite my heavy jersey and raccoon.

A sophomore's path is not with roses strewn—
For that I curse the faculty and dean.
I study from September until June,
I see the stars.

And when the sun is shining bright at noon
I pray for clouds to gather—this my boon.
Far better things than planets I have seen.
On cloudy nights I hum a merry tune
And like it better when on flickering screen
I see the stars.

—*Emily Barnhart,*
in *Smith College Monthly*

STUDENTS!

*Europe this Summer?*

*Olympic Games* *Music Festivals*

*Other Travel Adventures to* NORTH CAPE—NORWAY—SWEDEN
SOUTH AMERICA—SPAIN—MEDITERRANEAN

SPECIAL COLLEGE TOURS—STUDENT RATES

*Booklets and Information*

World Acquaintance Travel, Inc. BOX R, NEW YORK CITY 51 WEST 49th STREET,